"NO GOOD TER DE COUNTRY."

Dey tells me I don't 'mount ter nuttin', I knows dat I gray en I of.

En somehow my Jinia is techous, en shake w'en de win' blowin' col',

'In de way!"—so dey say—so dey tells me; dey allus a-treatin' me lest;

'I des sin't no good ter de country!" But I done give it all dat I had!

Eeven sons Wid guv'miet guns, Gone what' de bugles blow; Eu some still Ughthi' de battles, En some what' de wil' grass growt Dey gone to de war 'gin de Spaniels - what

time day wur takin' ou set My prop en my stay, day went murchin away, en 'twus me spi fiest tol' 'un

eyes was rainy dat mawala', but de heart what wer in the wor glad; out of I des ain't no good ter do e ain'ry, but I done give it all that I half

> Will guy nitet gons, Clone what do buile them: I'm reme still highth, do buttles, En some what do sail grass grow!

Some day de wars'll be over, en de boys'll come home four de Britt.

En I recken dey'll say w'en dey marchin' dis way: "De si" man dans lef un 'Good-night?"

But I hopes sence day fit for de of flagdey'll think er me den en be gliek.

Who wign't no good for de country, had give it des all dat he had

Seven sons tione what de longles blows En some still fightin' de baitles, En some whar' de wil' gross stowl -Frank L. Stanton in College Weekly.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW. DO you know, durling, how pursues growt God takes the tints of the somet glow, The purple that floats in the mountain mist. The blash of a maid by her love first

The blue that's solvep in the midday ekles. The brown that I love in my that a com And he mingles them all in a flower, and

That is the way that the number grow. Do you know, darling, how like grow?

Rissed.

God takes the soul of the beautiful snow And needs it into a challee sweet, Pure and wonderful, fair, complete: Then he takes the gold of my buly's hab As in night's white skies the bright star-

And that is the way that the lilles grow,

Do you know, darling, how roses grow? Ah, that is the strangest of all I know; For they are the fairest of all things fair The one perfect blossem, beyond compare, Symbol of sweetness and all leveliness. God wished his children to comfort and

And he wrote the thought in a flower; and That is the way that the roses grow. -A. J. Waterboose.

THE CROSSROADS HOTEL.

THIS is one of the many letters written by Bill Nye to his old manager, Major Pond and printed in the Saturday Evening Post "My Dear Pond-I am writing this at on imitation hotel where the roads tork. I the hotel at a reffrond junction is a mor-ally called the FISth Avenue, or the Gera City House, or the Palace Hotel, Just as the fond parent of a white-eyed, two-legged tally diluted son Napoleon, and for the same reason that a prominent horse owner in Illinois last year socked my name on a tall buckskin-colored coit that did not resemble me, intellectually or physically-a colt that did not know enough to go around with the a barbed-wire fence, but sought to sift himself through it into an untimely grave, so this man has named his sway-backed wigwam the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"It is different from your Fifth Avenue in many ways. In the first place, there is not | VARIOUS lights and shades of college life many ways. In the first place, there is not so much travel and business in its neighborhood. As I said before, this is where two rallroads fork. In fact, it is the leading industry here. The growth of the town went out while you were calling on Maste." ing industry here. The grown of the third is naturally slow, but it is a healthy growth. There is nothing in the nature of dangerous or wild-cat speculation in the advancement of this place, and while there has been no noticeable or rapid advance in the principal business here, there has been no falling off at all, and the roads before we get back.

She's pretty fast before the war, while the same three men viewed the prestrain who were present for the first glad moment are still here to witness the operation.

"Sometimes a train is detailed, as the

papers call it, and two or three people have to remain over, as we did, all night, (Lack By this happens to be an 'open data' for our combine) It is at such a time the Fifth Avenue Hotel is the scare of great excite-ment. A large codilst, with a broad and sunny smile and his bosom full of rock sell, is tled in the creek to freshen and fit himself for the responsible position of their manager of the cyllish ball. A fale chum-bermaid wearing a black bressy with large pores in it through which size to gonly percolating, now goes jerously up the stairs to make the little post-office lock-lock rooms look ten times worse than they ever did before. She warhles a low refrain out the rooms. All is bustle about the house Especially the chambermadi. We are put up in the guest's chamber here. It has two atrophied heds made up of palms and counterpanes. The light, lowes feeling which this remark may convey is wholly assumed on my part.

"The door of the room is full of holes where locks have been wrenched off in or-der to let the Coroner in Last hight i could imagine that I was in the net of meeting, personally, the famous people who have tried to sleep here, and who mornied through the night, and who sleet while

waiting for the dawn.

"This afternoon we pay our bills, as is our usual custem, and tear ourselves away from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We heave at 2.39. Hoping the reads may continue to fork just the same as though we had re-mained, and that this will find you enjoying yourself, I am, yours trait, "EDGAR WILSON NYE."

GOOBER PEAS.

From the "Leat Cause." ONE of the most widely known Confeder ate songs. The melody suited a soldier, and in his gayest mood he roared out: "Peas! Peas! Peas!" with a gusto that was charm-

Sitting by the readside, on a summer day, Chatting with my mesamates, passing time away, Lying in the shadow, underneath the trees, Goodness, how delicious, eating goobs, peasl

CHORUS. Peas! Peast Peas! Peasi cating goober peas! Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a ruie To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule;"
Eut another pleasure enchantinger than these.
Is wearing out your grinders eating goober peast

Jus' before the battle the General hears a row, asys: "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rilles new,"
He turns around to wonder, and what do you think he sees?

The Georgia militia eating goober pens. I think my song has lasted almost long enough, The subject's interesting, but the rhymes

are mighty rough, I wish this war was over, when, free from rags and fleas, We'll kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas.

WHEN VEST THREW

ment.

AN INK BOTTLE.

To the Editor of The Republic. A RECENT article in The Republic relating to Senator Vest's career, recalls to my mind a little incident which took place in the little red brick Courthouse, then standing in Clinion, Mo., which tilustrates Colonel Vest's impulsive and flery tempera-

A trial was in progress in the Henry County Circuit Court, with Judge Poster P Wright on the beach. The parties involved were all of prominent families of Henry County, John Williamson had been shot and killed. John Clark was accused Clark and killed. John Clark was accused Clark died in Juli while awaiting trial. John Means and Perk Steele, the Litter a brother of William D. Steele, the present Prosecuting Attorney of Petris County were arrested as accessories to the crime. Steele was exenerated by the centre and Means. was on tolal as principal accessory. Emi-nent counsel had been engaged for the prosecution and for the defense.

As was usual on such occusions, the Courthwise was crowled to overflowing with specialors. I then a bor, was among them. Among the lawyers engaged in the case upon one side were Colonel George 41. Vest, the "Little Glant of Missourt" life law purpose Low to resident law partner, John F. Philips, new Judge of the United States Court for the Western District of Missouri, and James G. Cantt. the present Chief Justice of the Missouri Suprems Court, On the other side wers Waldo P. Johnson, ex-United States Schutor: Henton G. Boone, afterwards Attorney General: and Colonel Josh La Due, who was a condidate for State Senator, and

was elected a few months later.

The examination of witnesses was conducted upon one side by Colonel Philips Sucted upon one side by Colonel Philips and upon the other by Judge Johnson, Sensior La Love, however, would occasionally question a witness and frequently objected to questions propounded by Colonel Philips, who was on the opposite side of the case. This caused Colonel Philips to make some very behind remarks regarding what he called Mr. In these interference, and he infants the latter surgestically that Judge Johnson, who was conducting the examinawas first competent to do so, with-Mr. Le Duc's assistance. La Duc was duringed by the movever, but con-

using Vest, sold:

sit, is just as approfessional and numentlemanty as your pariner's (Colume dillips speech

surthouse at Clinton were of heavy crock-yware, set in large blocks of word. Self-g one of these. Colonel Vest, exclaiming

La Due dodged behird a table and bottle struck Judge Johrson on the of the head knocking him from his Great constremation enough in the the lawyers for the time being, exaped from fall and was beard of no more definitely. It was removed that he died a number of years later in the notatians of the Far West. Colonel Vest was then by Judge Wright

nitack on La Due, but the fine was ne, Judge Wright, Judge Johnson net La Pue are now numbered dead, and the others are far adanced in the "sere and sellow leaf" of fe. E. S. VANCE.

COLLEGE HUMOR.

"She's tretty fast," said Persons, as he viewed the prestrate form of Andromeda. chained to the rock.
The Lamp: "Bid you know that Trim-

ha's trousers were divorced from his aus The Bed: "No; on what grounds?"

The Lamp: "Nonsupport, of course,"
At the Hellies Mabel: "I think this
Redespice is an awful play, don't you?"
Her Escott: 'Yes, it's quite analysis
and 7-ry able."—The Harvard Lampson. The Transveal war calls out the two following pole from the Princeton Tiger.

thro the hird African roll, his face of with also positions and hopeless peaned with insuppositioned and hopeiess.

The His dail eyes turned toward the
resund. Suddenly, there amid the rubble,
a beam of fight met his glates. His dropted
upon his kneed and smatched upon agent

English."

NO EXPRESSIVE EYES!

Print the Covolund Flain Issuer. THERE are no expressive eyes. The exetwon are more expressive than those of nother?" I am esked. They are not. The literence consists in certain nervous con-

"Observe for yourself and you will see that I am right. We will say that I am greatly interested in something, and my st-tention is audiently called from it by an on-expected interruption. My upper eyelid raises theif just a little, but the eye proper does not change an lota in appearance. If

so ball of the eye is as expressive as a bit will see that the lower excite here no side of its own, and it is only by the traction of the adjacent muscles in smiling or laughing that it is made to move. That is why there are many wrinkles about

the eyes of merry persons.

"The expression of deep thoughtfulness is produced by the drooping of the upper lift, the lids of some persons full so low that the pupil of the eye itself is the same. If the moditation is over a subject that werries the thinker the expression is egain quite

"Goethe's fugitive attachments followed pupil of the eye isser is the same. If the meditation is over a subject that wordes the thinker the expression is again quite different; the eyelds contract and the eyellows are lowered and drawn together. Like the light of the summer, when see the This is true of a reflective mond

"As to emotional moods, there is the ex-pression of anger, for instance. The eyes, instead of closing, are open where than they are normally, but the brows are closely better.

Chorus.

-A. Bender.

**In expressing sadness the entire upper cyclid comes half way down and the folds of the skin collect there, giving the lid a thick, heavy appearance."

THE "AMERICAN MAN WITH THE HOE." "INJUSTICE TO EVERY FARMER IN THE WORLD".

According to resent bases of your valuable paper, there seems to be a misunderstanding, or controversy, in reference to the authorship of the so-called poem, "The Man With the Hoe." It pains and surprises me as an American follower of the plow to read such by sterical effusions. No doubt Mr. Markham or Miss Chase was actuated by the best of motives in giving (or selling) this producton to the literature of the country, but it is a gross injustice to every farmer in the world, "The man of the hor" is not now nor has be ever been the sodden, brutish, low browed or bent creature that this custom made poem represents him. As a rule city people do not seem to understand the country man. I have been reading letters in The Republic lately describing the Boers of South Africa. and every one of them except Mr. Ensign's seems to speer at their countrified airs and dwell at length on their

I am one of the Boers of Ohlahoma-a kulght of the hoc and plow, and I wish to state that all the people in the world who went course clothes are not course in feelings; heither are all these who tread pavements and Brussels carpets refined. England in the days of Cromwell and his ironsides was a greater power than at present, with its array of sampering dudes, who are trying to overrun "The man with the less" in South Africa. The man with the hee was the principal actor in the little drama in which your uncle George Washington and his soreleased veterans drave the British pirate from these shores, and established the best government on earth. The man with the free wears cowhide hools and perhaps speaks and grammar, but he is a five, energetic, public spirited fellow, and is up with the average in intelligence. He is independent to the verge of rudeness and is a born bemocrat. He has built up a great country, and if he had had his choice in the last election, Billy Bryan would have been President testend of Marcus Limms, and his gang of confidence men-

Next time you entertain the mose of poetry, Mr. Markham or Miss Chase, take up the callow, eighrette smok-Ing fiend of the city, or its franchise debauching denizer of the salson, who does the bidding of "de boss," and let the "man with the hoe" alone and don't worry about his growth.

It is the poor fellow in the cities with its artificiality and repression that doesn't grow. The hammer and plow are the apex of civilization. Silks and champagne are the first steps in retrogression toward barbarism. GEORGE DISMUKE BURNS OK.

BIOGRAPHY.

Extracts From the Life of Goethe by A. Hayward.

OHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE was th at Prankfort on the Main, August 13, 19, and died March 12, 1822. He was 4 many posma, reminiss, place and scientific articles, He wrote "Gotz von Herlichmann," "Worther," "Clavien," Stella," "Italian Journey," "Iphigenta, "Tome" "Carnont," Roman Liegies" thes" and "Faust."

In 1765 Goethe was sent to the University at Leipsig, and, instead of studying juris-prositions, as his father intended, he deofed most of his time to poetry. He went a Strasharg to Des to finish his legal in summing up his obligations to his par-cuts and accessing Goothe has put into votes that be innerited his frame of body and the carriest consent of his frame his tarbet, his leavest temperament and cond-

ty. Goethe has been tailed the Voliaire of Germany, But the comparison is unjust to him. His was a gentus of a higher order; and he bears to German literature as only it was recently stated, broadly and in-equivocally. Goethe has created our litera-ture and our speech Before him, both were without value in the world-mart of the ma-tions of Europe. Mine 1s State, person-ally acquained with his most eminent con-temperaries and conversant with their works, says that he might represent the

people in Germany who would discover gentus in the address of a letter directed by
him. The address of Goethe is a kind
of freemagenry, the galepts in which are
known to wach by catchwords. At the
Shakespeare Tricentenary at Saratford, a
German gentlenary, speaking few a graintion, rose and seat that he and his frames
had come to do hance is the second graintion form the second grain

the feeling it embades can never quite debest from me.

"Goethe had one marked peculiarity in common with his mother, and that was the desire for mental caim, and the distinct of agricultan and emotion, which both carried to except Goethe within itself."

"Mr. Lower says: 'I quarrel with no man who finds delight in the book; but

"His mensibility to underest wins manifested at a very early age. His mother fold Bettha offered and the was relicitant to play with little chaires unless they were good besting. In his third wear he middenly began criting, and called out. The dark childr must be taken away. I can't endure it." He day not leave of typing illi we got home, when I back him to task for his rederiess. He could not get ever the children without the properties.

"Goethe's contributions to science would have made a high reputation for any man the children without the properties." the child's unilness."

"The earnestness with which Goetha "The carnestness with which Goethe threw himself upon whatever he undertook, with his lattity is griding up subject after subject, or rathing them abreats, may be inferred from the interest he inspired in mon of special vocations or parsaits, each of whom resurd from an a paraller follower, and had a career result for him. One saw in him a precessined mine of sections, a second, a been arriet; a third, an equility as the contribution of a fedgraph in the precessor of Darwins as a fifth a diplomatist, a sixth, a jury consult, throwing fresh light on private obligations and international law. His father was bent on his following the law-sufficiently, at all events, to qualify him for high office in his matter twen that indicating light of proceeding with the conception was in his mind as early lay did not proceed to verse making, insist-

he alone code give it voice. And here he is the alone code give it voice. And here he is the secret of his popularity: in his deep, susceptive heart, he test a thousand times more keenly what every one was feeling; with the creative gift which belonged to him as a poet, he bodied it forth into visconians to relax rather amonyed than gratically in the intended of the impose when the Napoleonic grasp was beginning to relax rather amonyed than gratically in the intended of the

and it filustrates Goethe's habits and THE QUEEN'S social position at this time (1775) to find that he felt like a fish out of water in the

periment proved that no experiment was so small a cause to resign her position. Unnecessary that the problem was already fortunately she grow deaf too deaf to hear solved. His love, his porior of the binding; the orders that were given. "I could not force a betrathal, were clearly not such as are commonly found in novels nor, it is and ask for an order to be repeated," she to be hoped, in netural life. But they were berself said, in speaking of her reason for the atmost he was capable of feeling; in no case before or after is the faculty of self-examination impeded by warmth, and although his inclinations for tall the tunted with circumstances, and were controlled by remean, it by no means follows that it was not us he tool Eukermann marked by features of delicacy and refinement peculiar to it. She was the first woman of the higher thus of what he terms that greater and there was a window in full view of the if. She was the first woman of the higher class, of (what he terms) that greater and brilliant me lety, to whom he had stood in the relation of an accepted lever, and his reflections, on meeting her fashlonably diseased in the midst of rival aboves, show that the position enhanced her charms.

"Arriving at Weimar (November 8, 1775), in his twenty-sixth year Goatha was received in the friend, and they were treated as

with the most flattering attentions by all the principal personages. The Innke could not move without him. The Innchesses viol with each other in making him talk. The brillinney of his emperation set off by his personal advantages and unaffected corgrandfather; and the loss of there and personal advantages and unaffected corfew laws from a great-grandmather. He
few laws from a great-grandmather. He
few laws that the great-grandfew laws that the great-grandfew laws a stilling contrast to her, and to all
great-grandmather the daughter of one.

In the velame on viscous in "Variety to the preceding objects of his functive atthe four making a low courtesy by saying:
"Your Marshal von Schardty, hern bethe Court Marshal von Schardty, hern becomber 1542, was seven years older than dotthe. She was married to the Master of the Horne, Von Stein, in 1764, and was the mother of seven children when the a whole the same relation which Vehidre bears to the French literature of the Eighteenth Century. In the opening lecture of a remarkable series at the University of Barlin, it was recently stated, broadly and uncompletely. Goethe has created our literature of the Editor of The Regulito.

Christine Vulpine, the mother of Goethe's children, all of whom, save the oldest son, August, died in infancy, became the wife wife.

When honor calls thee forth to tread her of the poet in 1996, after a companionship

of eighteen years. and the Brench, now the Edglish can lay it was failing desperately in love with a lie was failing desperately in love with a "His countrymen, she goes on to say, are not satisfied with any qualified admission of his superficilty. There is a crowd of copie in termany who would sheaver gently in the additional properties of a Jena backseller. His novel "Walling is in the additional properties." verwandle-narien' (Elective Afflatties' was composed by way of a safety valve according to his avowed practice of let

est poet that ever lived-Goetho Leing the part from me." "Of his 'Wilhelm Meister' Carlyle does

to exceed Goethe's assumed or real field ference to wint was justing attend with out personally affecting him confirmed the charge against him to after life that he was deficient in public spart.

"His sensibility to understand with the was deficient in public spart.

"His sensibility to understand with the was the confirmed at a very ward and life was manifested at a very ward and life manifest that the very ward are life manifest that the book; but cannot complete me to own that I find in the affect of the very ward of the properties o

contend interruption. We appear excited interruption. We appear excited interruption in the state of the stat giarring to relax rather almoyed than grat-tiled him, he condemned the impulse which carried Byron to Greece.

THOUGHTFULNESS.

that he felt like a fish out of water in the circles to which he was induced to follow her.

"After a time his interest began to flag; and, vowing eternal fidelity all the while, he selfed the occasion of the Stellerars passing through Punkfort to John them in an expedition to Switzeriand.

"The says that the project was particularly welcome to like at a moment when the great point was to make an experiment whether he could renounce Lili. Here we have Goethe all over and to the life. The bare fact of his contemplating such an experiment was pertinent proved that no experiment was to make an experiment was to make an experiment the Queen's housekeeper for over forty pertinent proved that no experiment was to make an experiment was to make an experiment was a first order of the contemplating such an experiment was to make an experiment was to make an experiment was been the Queen's housekeeper for over forty pears, would not have felt called upon for

its twenty-sixth year, Goethe was received and her friend, and they were treated as honored guests.
Others beable Miss Thornton have found,

when they came in contact with the Queen of England, that she was a woman possessed of that kindly tact and considera-tion for others that made them see in her

knees and I cannot courtesy "Mrs. Keeley," replied the Queen, "I Mrs. Keeley was at once put at her ease

by the homeliness of the remark, and the

touch of nature made the two women kin SOLDIER BROTHER.

this ledy, and forget his language of and THE accompanying poem was clipped from the others, we should infer that the friendship of the attachment was in keeping with that first impression.

THE accompanying poem was clipped from the Missouri Army Argus, a paper published in General Price's army in 1861; With that first impression.

THE SISTER'S PAREWELL TO A BROTHER GOING TO BATTLE.

bright but dangerous way.

Away, away, I could not bear to think that One moment kept thee from the post where duty bids thee be. Thou art marching to the battlefield, my

beautiful, my brave; And thy sister's bursting heart forbodes that it will be thy grave; Yet go, unfurl our house's ancient bonner to the wind. And take with thee the tears and prayers

of those thou leav'st behind. Farewell to thee, my best beloved; we ne'er shall meet again, Except it be when thou art stretched among the bloody slain; Thy father's shade will smile on thee if

thou should'st nobly die. But proudly will be spurn thee, boy, if thy back be turned to fly. Go, go; thy noble sire was brave; go, em-

ulate his fame! Bethink thee that thy race hath borne an aye-unblemished name; Still be that name upheld by thre; thou wear'st thy father's sword; Unsheath it now, and through the ranks give forth thy battle word.

Farewell, and ere to-morrow's dawn, when far away thou'lt be Full many and many an anxious vow shall rise to heaven for thee.

Oh; could thy stater's prayers defend, how efrong would be thy shield!
The God of battles thee project, now forward to the field. SUBSCRIBER. Post Oak, Mo.

THE CHINESE IDEA.

From the London Tablet. LORD Charles Beresford parrated to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers some amusing incidents of his experiences in the land of the mandaries. In the arsenal at Shanghal, where he noticed a Krupp gun cleverly fitted with an Armstrong breechplece, it was explained to him that the opaccident, the blowing off of the original breech-piece by the Chinese gunners. Later on, in visiting a fort in charge of a very clever mandarin, he discovered how the

front of a battery of sixty-ton muzzle-load-ing guns was, the mandarin pointed in one direction and the guns in another. When this was pointed out to him, he said: "Yes, I think there has been a mistake." The guns were arranged in echeion so that the men were arranged in echelon so that the men working to relax rather animoyed than gratified him, he condemned the impulse which carried Byron to Greeze.

"Self-culture was Geethe's paramount object through life, and intellectual egotism the normal condition of his mind.

"Geethe's tritle to the exalted place assigned to him animous! poets must rest mainly, if not exclusively, on "Faust." It is not a perfect pean mainly, if not exclusively, but it is one which only the highest order of genius could have pro
"The mandarin in charge gave me a slap."

"The mandarin in charge gave me a slap." respond to it.

Goethe's fugitive attachments followed a perfect peen mainly, if not exclusively, but it is one which only the highest order of genlus could have produced. There are things in it which dive managers would hallfully be blown up. The mandarin in charge gave me a skap on the lack and said: You are one of the back and said: You are one of the heavy me and so smiling cames on.

There was no heart in the matter What he wanted was a beau high to excite his fancy and stimulate his resided; There are things in it which dive and said: You are one of the lack and said: You are one of the have and said: You are one of the lack and said: You

LITTLE CLASSICS.

If one were to think constantly of death the business of life would stand still.

- Johnson.

If people were constant it would surprise me. For see, is not everything in the world subject to change? Why then should our affections continue? Goethe.

Flatterers are the exts that lick before, and scratch behind -German Proverb.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after to offense, rather than at the time. Sydney Smith,

Ever must the sovereign of mankind be fitly entitled King, L o., the man who kens Ever since Adam's time fools have been in

the mulning. Chalmir Delayigne. Eight as the destroying fire of morality; while that very age itself, with heart unin-jured, their fixelf raised one degree of light

above the preceding -Jean Paul.

Blassed be the man who first invented sleep, it envers a mun all over Rice a cloak. - cervantes.

Better knot straws than do nothing --Gaelle Proverb.

Better hand tholden) wir the bound than rin we the lare -Scotch Proverb.

Between the devil and the deep seaottli Praverb.

Better be disagreeable in a sort than alto gether insipid.-Goethe. Clear writers, like clear fountains, do no

seem so deep us they are; the turbid look the most profound - Landor. Climbing is performed in the same posture

an creeping. - Swift. Common men are apologies for men; they how the head, excuse themselves with pro-ity reasons, and accumulate appearances, because the substance is not-Emerson.

Do the duty that Hes nearest to you. Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with fresh duties at its back.—Kingsley.

Double, double, toll and tremble; that is the life of all governors that really govern; not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs.-Carlyle.

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn to have patience with him-to live and let live .-

Earth changes but thy soul and God stand sure. - Browning. Earnestness is the cause of patience; it gives endurance, overcomes pain, strengthens weakness, braves dangers, sustains

Earnestness is the devotion of all the

hope, makes light of difficulties, and lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them.

Earth is here (in Australia) so kind, just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.-Louglas Jerrold.

Education is the only interest worthy the

deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man - Wendell Phillips. Education is the apprenticeship of life .-

Williagt. Education may work wonders as well in warping the genius of individuals as in seconding it .- A, B. Alcott.

Education, however indispensable in a cuttivated age, produces nothing on the side of genius. Where education enus, genius often begins.-Isano Disraelt.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven-Shakespeare.

In winter I get up at night And dress by yellow conde-light. In summer, quite the other way, I have to go to bed by day.

- Kobert Louis Stevenson. Give house room to the best; 'tis never known

Virtue and pleasure both to dwell in one The stone that is rolling, can gather no more

he stone that is roman.

Who often removeth is surer of loss.

-Tusser. Life may change, but it may fly not;

This is the sture of man; to day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; to morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing hosers thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening, nips his And then he falls, as I do. - He

Nought may endure but Mutability.

The world goes up and the world goes down, And the simulatine follows the rain; And vesterday's sneer and pesterday's from

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

Find out the case of this effect.
Or rather say, the cause of this defect.
For this effect defects comes by cause.
—Hamist.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And every Grin, so merry, draws one out, --John Wolcott ("Peter Finday"), For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Ashamed to meet the eyes of other men. Think each one of his children and his wite. His beine, his parents, living yet or dead. For them, the absent sites, I supplicate,

But love to blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follow that themselves commit.

—Merchant of Venice.

Be she fairer than the day, Or the flowery meads in May, If she be not so to me, What care I how fair she be?

amount of his voluntary ignorance.-Tho-Often do the spirits Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events.
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
—Coleridge.

The measure of a man's learning is the

The trust wisdom is a resolute determination.-Bonaparte. If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it.-Emerson.

"They are fools who kies and tell," Wisely has took poet sung; Man may hold all sorts of posts, It be it only hold his tongue.

FELL OFF.

Let us be content to work

Prom The Youth's Companion.

"OH dear!" said the principal of an unsuccessful bicycle academy. "Our school started with a good attendance, but it fell

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT. From the Indianapolis Journal. It is said that more than one-half of the British correspondents in South Africa have contracts with English publishers to write backs. General Sherman was about right when he said "War is hell?"

Day Breaking.

See, the dapple-grey coursers of the morn Beat up the light with their bright silvs hoofs.

And chase it through the sky.—John Marston.—John Marston.

FAMOUS POEMS.

The Blue and the Grav.

By the flow of the inland river, Whence the fleets of tron had flet, Where the blades of the grave-grave quive.

Asleep are the ranks of the deal. Under the sod and the dow; Waiting the judgment day; Under the one, the Blue,

Under the other, the Gray. These in the robings of glory, These in the gloom of defeat; All with the battis blood gory. In the dusk of eternity meet. Under the sod and the dow,

Walting the judgment day; Under the laurel, the Blue, Under the willow, the Gray. From the slience of sorrowful hours The desolate mourners go, ovingly laden with flowers,

Allke for the friend and the for-Under the sod and the dew; Waiting the judgment day; Under the laurel, the filips; Under the willow, the Gray.

So with an equal splender, The morning sun-rays fall, With a touch impartially tender, On the blossoms blooming for all; Under the sod and the dow;

Waiting for judgment day: Broidered with gold, the Blue; Mellowed with gold, the Gray On forest and field of grain, With an equal marmur falleth The cooling drops of rain;

Under the soil and the dew; Waiting for judgment day; Wet with the rain, the Elli Wet with the rain, the Gray. Sadly, but not with upbraiding. The generous deed was deno; In the storm of the years, now failing, No braver battle was won;

Under the sel and the dew: Waiting for judgment day; Under the blossons, the Blue; Under the garlands, the Gray No more shall the war cry sever, Or the winding rivers be red; hey banish our anger forever When they hours! the graves of our dead. Under the sed and the dew. Waiting for judgment day:

She Walks in Beauty. walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skles, And all that's best of dark and bright

Love and tears for the Blue

One shade the more, one ray the less, that half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
or softly lights over her face,
Where thoughts ereneity sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that check and o'er that brow So soft, so calm, yet eloquent.
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent—
A mind at pence with all below.

To a Mountain Daisy. (On the Turning One Down With the Plow, in April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower, Thou's met me in an evil hour; For I main crush among the stours They slender stem; To spare thee now is past my power, Thou bonnie gem.

The bounte lark, companion meet, Bending thee 'mang the dewey weet, Wr' spreckled breast. When upward-springing, blithe, to go When upward-springing, or The purpling East. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield, But thou beneath the random breid

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, Thy snawle bosom sunward spread, Thou lifts thy unasseming head In humble guise; But now the share uptears thy bed, And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple hard, On life's rouch ocean luckless starr'd! Unskillful he to note the card

Such fate to suffering worth is given, Such fate to suffering worth is given.
Who long with wants and wees has striven.
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink.
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven.
He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n then who mourn'st the Daley's fate, That fate is thine.....no distant date: Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, clate,

Country and Town. God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue,
gifts
That can alone make sweet and bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue But that of idleness, and taste no scenes But such as art contrives, possess ye still Your element, there only can ye shitte.
There only minds like yours can do no harm.

harm. Our groves were planted to console at noon

parts

Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.

done, Our arch of empire, stendfast but for you,

"Old Ironsides" was the popular name by which the frigate "Constitution" was known. The poem was first printed at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service. Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Ay, tear her fattered ensign down!
Long has it wavel on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle's shout.
And burst the cannon's roar.—
The meteor of the ocean's air
Shall sweep the land no more.

O, better that her shattered hulk O. better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag.
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms.
The lightning and the gaie;
-Ollver Wendell Holmes.

See, the dapple-grey coursers of the morn Beat up the light with their bright silve

Tears and love for the Gray.

Meet in her aspect and her ever, thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gardy day dehies.

A heart whose love is innocent.

-Lord Byron.

Alas' it's no thy neebor sweet,

Upon thy early, humble birth; Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth. Amid the storm, Scarce rear'd above the parent earth. Thy tender form.

O' clod or stane.
Adorns the histic stibble-field.

Such is the fate of artiess maid, Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low I' the dust.

Of prudent lore, Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er!

Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight.

shall be thy doom!
-Robert Burns.

The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve The moonbeam, sliding softly in between The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish.

Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The stendor of your lamps, they but ectipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush da-

Scared, and the circular highlinguage and the transfer in your mitth. It plagues your country. Folly such as yours, Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan, Has made, which chemics could ne'er have

A mutilated structure, soon to fall.
--William Gowper (to "The Task"). Old Ironsides.

Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
O'r know the conquered knee.—
The harples of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the seaf